

# The Bullet

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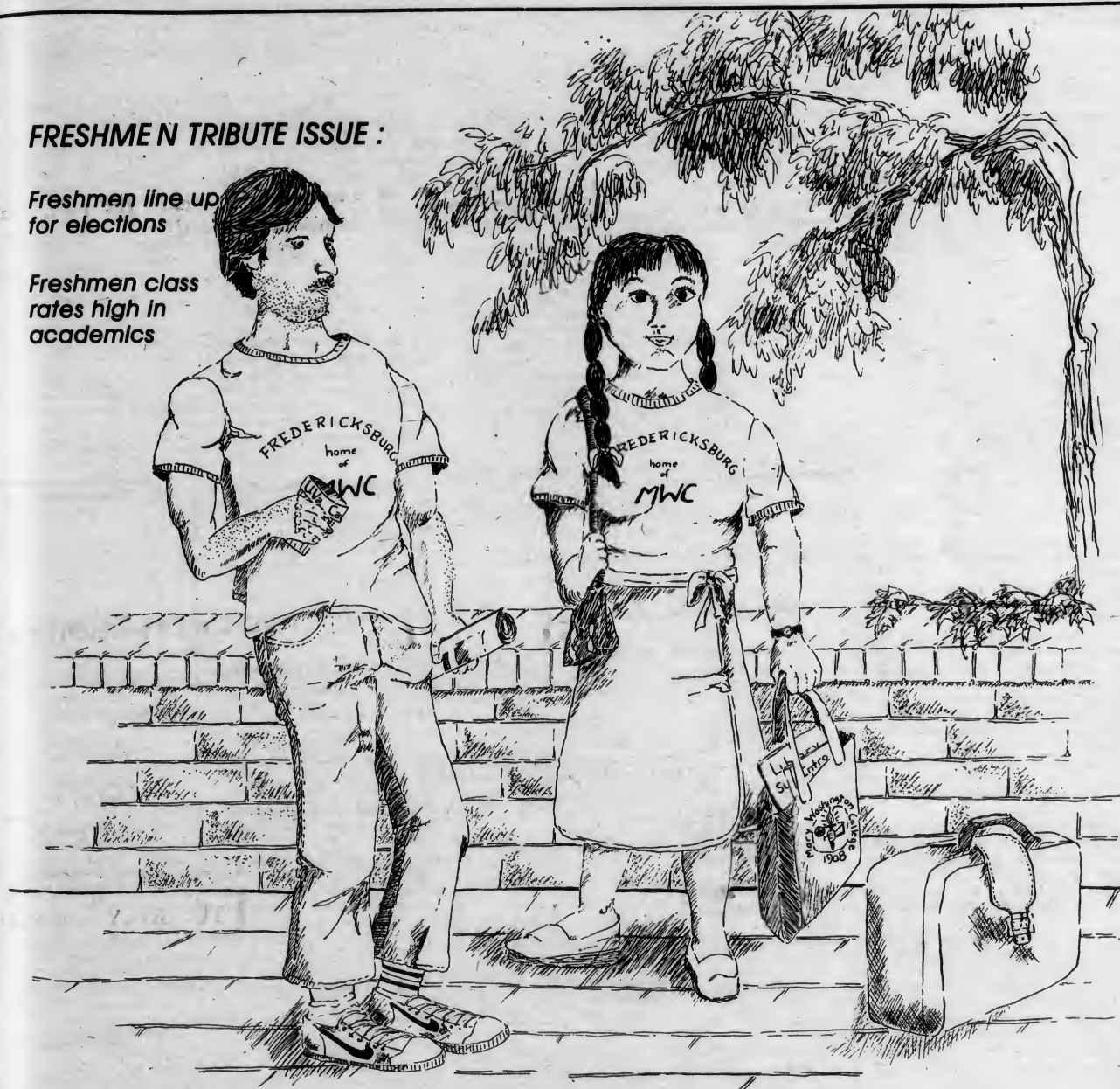
Volume 56 No. 3 October 5, 1982

Mary Washington College's Weekly Magazine

## FRESHME N TRIBUTE ISSUE :

Freshmen line up  
for elections

Freshmen class  
rates high in  
academics



How well can YOU spot a freshman?

Count clues on this page. For story and answers, see page 5

# Oh, to be a freshman . . .

# Marriage: 'I do' vs. 'I won't'

'I WON'T'

## Marriage after college? Can't it wait?

Each year dorms and hallways fill with conversation, especially among seniors, over the various paths to take upon graduation. Though it is still fairly early in the game, decisions are being made. Graduate school, career hunting, marriage, and the various combinations are all options. And now, as many of us are ending college and panic sets in, it is time to ask, "What next?"

For many women, this choice is marriage after college. IMMEDIATELY AFTER COLLEGE. My question is, "Why?"

Often, one of the main reasons for attending a school of Mary Washington's caliber is to prepare for a career. While it is an accepted fact that today's job market is relatively restricted in its offerings, why should one restrict herself further? Most wives are still obligated to live and work in the area where their husbands are employed. If job opportunities are not available in that area for the woman's chosen field, she is often the

one who does not work or must yield to a "compromise." At this point, an appropriate response is, "But I don't want to work after I'm married anyway." Fine. So the husband provides all support. And before that probably a parent or guardian. So when was there ever time for financial independence? There's a lot to be said for supporting yourself. People have been doing it for years. But many prefer the security of living from Daddy's pocket to hubby's.

Some women are able to enter career fields which are in demand of professionals almost everywhere. Examples are teachers, nurses, or computer programmers. So they've got the career problem nipped.

But there are other factors to consider before entering an early marriage. To some, "Wanting to spend the rest of one's life with someone" is justification for anything. But is early marriage the only assurance of true and everlasting love? Must one marry

before the ink on her diploma is dry in order to secure a pact like this? Again, the only question is, *Why?*

A generally accepted theory among sociologists is that the divorce rate climbs for younger marriage partners. If both partners can establish themselves financially beforehand, chances for success increase. Another factor to consider is that after marriage, financial problems are one of the greatest contributors to marital problems. And with the instability of today's economy, personal finances are likely to be jeopardized.

Yes, marriage is said to be one of the greatest institutions of mankind. Yet have you ever heard a couple say they wish they had done it sooner? People still jump into a marriage without weighing the opportunity costs of work, travel and most importantly, independence. There is life after MWC. Don't deny yourself any of it.

Martha Weber

## Letters

### Sales solicitation against rules

To the Editor:

This letter is written to protest the "pesky-salesman-syndrome" in existence here at Mary Washington College, as brought to the attention of the Student Association Executive Cabinet by residents of Ball Residence Hall.

To be specific, magazine salesmen have been hanging around residence halls asking students to sign them in. Well-meaning students agree—but once inside these salesmen badger and coerce these same students who end up buying their magazine subscriptions in order to get rid of them.

What these and all students may not realize is that they are breaking college policy as stated on page 29 of the Student Handbook. The pertinent clause under the Selling and Solicitation Policy reads as follows: "... door-to-door selling and solicitation in residence halls is NOT PERMITTED. Organizations must receive prior approval from the Assistant Dean of Students for Student Activities.

Sales and/or solicitations by outside commercial or charitable organizations may not be conducted in the residence halls."

Should you be approached by any person wishing to sell or solicit goods door-to-door, now that you are aware of the regulation banning such practice, we encourage each of you to take responsibility for further action. First of all, DON'T SIGN A SALES REP IN!

If they are persistent, contact your Residence Hall Coordinator/Director, or Campus Police.

**Baber G.R.F.R.**

To the Editor:

I was just A.D.T. when I read Anne Baber's most recent column (Sept. 28).

Who does she think she is, the K.P.O.C.? Frankly, I think all of this initial jargon is T.T.F.W. and belongs no where else but page 224 of *The Official Preppy Handbook*.

Sincerely,  
James Miller

### We goofed...

The writer of last week's impressive viewpoint, "Funding energy a must," is Anne Baber. Sorry Anne.

We misquoted John Lennon. The actual lyric is: "A working class hero is something to be."

who are anxious to help curb this problem. Thank you for your cooperation.

Sincerely,  
Anne Thompson  
S.A. President

Scott H. Harris  
S.A. Vice-President

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S.A. Lobby Chairman

Wendy Burnett  
Campus Judicial Chairman

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### The Bullet

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'I DO'

## The tradition of tradition

That little white church on the hill in your hometown hosted the weddings of your grandmother, your mother, and both your sisters. And now, because of that feeling deep within, you too have planned your June wedding in that little white church—only a few short weeks after you graduate from college.

In the last ten years, people—that horrible "they"—have constantly bombarded us with the don't-get-married-right-after-college dogmas typical of the new women's movement.

"They" claim marriage will hinder your choices and your independence—from personality to finances. But just what do "they" know about it?

And what is so terribly HORRIBLE about college graduations followed by summer weddings? Since when has tradition been so terribly oppressive that everyone has broken away from these so-called nostalgia trips?

Perhaps the '60s provided the setting that questioned our traditions. And perhaps many had logical statements against wars or government or marriage.

But did that stop them from having just as binding emotional and physical relationships with members of the opposite sex? No. The tradition was still there because the need was there and living together for some was just as "tight" and "structured" as those legal bonds called marriage.

But this isn't the '60s or even the '70s. With the '80s upon us, Americans seem to still be having a hard time sorting out which traditions to keep and which to trash.

Think about it. Lots of our mothers became wives soon after they graduated from school and most of their marriages have lasted despite all those "cons" of getting married before "having lived!"

The last decade has continually told women that they should decide between career and family since tackling both has been a real hardship on so many. Witness all those wonderful "success" stories in magazines about those few who have triumphed over being both a wife/mother and a career woman.

Why must marriage limit life? For those who have a truly loving and lasting relationship, continuing to help each other as you promised in your legal vows would only seem a natural practice for those years after the altar.

Career and interests and financial responsibility need not be stifled for a young person moving from under the parental to the marital roof.

Those first years of marriage—whether you are a recent college graduate or a ten-year veteran as a "whatever"—are going to be hard any way at any time. It will be hard figuring out how to finance the expenses of two, how to arrange the furniture, when to eat dinner, who to have as friends. Just because someone ties the knot when they are 30 and not 22 does not mean they will have fewer problems. It will just mean that they have a few more wrinkles to worry about. Maturity doesn't have to be an age.

The trick in all this is finding the right mate. With mutual interests and understanding, nothing should smother your chances to "live!"

For many, life means sharing with others. And isn't that exactly what marriage is?

Bethanne Daughtry

### Straightening up shop...

— All letters to THE BULLET MUST be signed or they will not be printed.

— If you notice a fluctuation in the number of pages per issue, bear with it. Budget considerations are forcing us to publish a smaller issue some weeks.

— We have openings for qualified writers, production workers, ad salespeople. Stop by the office any Thursday at 6:00 pm, or call x4393 if you are interested.

— There will be no campus critique this year, but if you have criticisms concerning THE BULLET, let us know—Thursdays in ACL 303 at 6:00.

— Our advertising phone number is 373-4359. Call between 3:30-5 on weekdays and ask for Sheila.

# Freshman class rates high in academics

by BETHANNE DAUGHTREY

With each new year comes a new "batch" of freshmen students—students from all over the country and the world—students with different backgrounds, different interests, and different ideas.

This fall's freshmen class weighs in 687 strong—a slight decrease from last fall's class of 700.

While the administration was aiming for a freshman class of 675, the number of students who accepted their offer for admission hiked that limit, but only slightly. As Vice President of Admissions Conrad Warlick pointed out, his office offered admission to 1393 prospective freshmen, narrowed down from an applicant pool of 2286.

"The pool for this year was up in every area of consideration," Warlick said. These application increases included males and females, in-state and out-of-state students, and residential and commuting applicants.

"We had to stop taking applications after March 1, the suggested filing deadline," Warlick said, "because we were already 12 to 15 percent ahead of the number we had at the same time last year."

According to Warlick, the school "could have had a great deal larger applicant pool, but we stopped when we saw the pool was a strong one and a good one."

Warlick also explained that with this larger group to select from and the smaller class size, those who were accepted were "in no way marginal." With this keener competition, Warlick said they could offer admission to more to get a stronger group.

And the admissions administrator was quick to point out some very specific strong points of the freshman class, adding that "they are definitely a talented group of young people."

*'Having a stronger student body is better for everyone concerned. The students are more active and are more interested in academics and other aspects of college life.'*

—Conrad Warlick

For this first year class, the average SAT verbal scores of those enrolled freshmen was 500—up from the 489 average the year before. For math, the class averaged a 512 score on the tests—up from 507 last year.

The statistics go on . . . Of this year's freshmen, 34 percent were in the top tenth of their high school graduating class, 27 percent were in the second tenth, 61 percent were in the top fifth, and 29 percent in the second fifth. In plainer terms, about 90 percent of this class were well above the middle average in their high schools.

In general, Warlick pointed out that the freshman males tended to score higher on their SAT's while the freshman females tended to place higher in class rank.

Out of this class, 75 percent of the first year students are from Virginia with the remaining 25 percent from 20 other states and 10 foreign countries, including France, Brazil, and Honduras.

According to Warlick, this class also has a three-to-one female/male ratio—a comparison that about equals the overall campus ratio.

"When I came here in 1974, there were 41 men, which makes for about a ten-to-one ratio," Warlick said. "Now with over 750 males, that gap has narrowed considerably."

Still the freshmen aren't the only new students on campus as MWC currently has 94 transfer students this semester—44 males and 48 females.

While the number of transfers has decreased since last year, the increase in students continuing has necessitated having to admit fewer upperclass transfers.

Warlick explained that once the Declarations to Continue were received in his office, they stopped taking transfer applications. Only 256 applications were on file as compared to 292 the year before.

"While applications were down, interest has probably doubled," Warlick added. "We were running about 50 percent ahead for the same time the year before when we cut off any new applications."

Among the new transfers, Warlick said there was no specific pattern. They came from community colleges, four-year universities both public and private, large and small.

"Our transfer students always bring a strong asset to the college," Warlick said. "They can really compare this school to something else, and for that reason, I think they appreciate it more than some students who have never been anywhere else."

Warlick continued, "Having a stronger student body is better for everyone concerned. The students are more active and are more interested in academics and other aspects of college life."

"Students can keep Mary Washington going strong by spreading the word to prospective students who would again add to the college's strength," he added. "This process is a real self-perpetuating thing."



photo by MIKE HARPER

## Tally Booker: Active behind the MWC scene

by JANICE M. CONWAY

In order for any system to work, a behind-the-scenes person is essential to its function. Here at Mary Washington College, Tally Booker is just that person.

Booker works in the office of the Dean of Students, as the administrative assistant. For 24 years, the Spotsylvannian native has served the college. "MWC has been awfully good to me," she explained.

"I love this college. Though the rules and regulations have changed to a certain extent, the students really haven't changed. Here at MWC we are very fortunate to have such a great student body," she said.

Booker manages what she calls a very "open" office. She maintains a good rapport with students, parents, faculty and administrators. "I talk to everyone," she said. "Almost every day involves a new situation or problem. No matter how large or small the problem, I am concerned and do my best to handle it with the greatest of ease for everyone concerned," Booker said.

This semester the Dean of Students position is vacant and Booker had to change her office routine. Currently, Executive Vice President William Anderson is Acting Dean of Students. Therefore Booker has to coordinate his schedule with his secretary as well as the secretary to the president since he is serving in all three capacities.

"Mr. Anderson is a very busy man yet he never shows just how much pressure he has placed upon him in the current situation," Booker said. "He seems to handle the jobs with the greatest of ease and always with a smile," she said.

## New dean selection process begins

by WHITNEY HARGRAVE

Over one hundred people have applied for the recently vacated position of Mary Washington College's Dean of Students.

The applications have already been screened and the top candidates have been chosen. These seven applicants will be invited to MWC for interviews next week.

Seven people from MWC, including administrators, staff and students, will conduct these interviews. They will then send recommendations and evaluations of each candidate to Executive Vice President William Anderson, who is now acting Dean of Students.

"We hope to make a selection within the next three weeks," said Anderson.

## Freshmen line up for elections

by MARY SMITH

Final freshman elections are tomorrow and the goals of the presidential candidates focus on class participation and recognition.

Candidate Christy Davis from Alexandria said, "My main interest is just getting everyone's interests together to be voiced in Class Council so that freshmen have a say in social activities."

Amy Jenkins of Lancaster said, "I know that the Class Council handles the social life at Mary Washington and I like getting involved in the preparation that goes into making the college year fun."

Jon Kummnick of McLean said top priority belongs to the interests of the class through whatever channels are available through the student government.

Jay Logan of Virginia Beach would like to "Make the campus a

better place for everyone", while Pam Martin of Mechanicsville wants to "represent the Class of 1986 on Class Council and to show the rest of the campus that the Class of '86 is ALIVE."

David Quick of Richmond said, "I believe that the Class of 1986 is the best class to ever hit this campus and I believe that I am the best suited to provide for this class the social function they both need and deserve to make this an absolutely fantastic year."

Along with the freshman Class Council and honor/judicial representatives election, the sophomore class will elect a new vice president. That office was vacated after Lisa Riffey stepped into the presidential spot. Shannon Berry, elected president last semester, transferred to William and Mary.

Candidates for sophomore vice president include Renee Allen, Lisa Arcona, Andy Flemer, Charlotte

James, and Pat Reinhardt.

Running for freshman vice president are: Susan Allen, Lisa Brown, Missy Caudill, Brent Davis, Heather Markwith, Susan Tetterton, and Kathy Westura. Secretary/Treasurer candidates include DemeAnn Kotselas and Cindy Tucker. Running for publicity chairman are Della Sosa and JoAnn White.

Outside of Class Council positions, candidates for the three freshmen Honor Representative slots include Pam Atkinson, Scott Kaplan, Martha Moore, Leanne Raynor, Robin Smyers, and Channing Williams, II. Freshmen Judicial Representative candidates are Jean Eddlemon, Gina Giambattista, Christine Mastal, and Jill McInnis.

Although primary elections were held Monday, the results were unknown at press time. Final elections will be held Wednesday in Seacobeck basement.



## OUR LEADERS

# Student government leaders gear up for participation

## Honor System

## Commuting Students

by SARAH KOSAK

"The Honor system is one of the reasons I came to this school," said Honor Council President Sarah Thompson.

Thompson ran for Honor Council president last year after serving as vice-president for the Council. "I really wanted the position. I was comfortable in the Council, and so far it has been great!" she said.

One of the aspects Thompson likes best about the Council is its independence from all other organizations on campus. The Council is not part of the Student Association as many people think it is; it is an independent group that reports directly to the Board of Visitors.

"The responsibility is sometimes frightening, but its exciting and challenging. We have to keep things in perspective and avoid major slip-ups," Thompson added.

Thompson had high praise for the Board of Visitors: "We can go to them with anything—they want to hear it all!"

"One of the biggest advantages of the system is the student judges. It's a great role for those who are interested in the Honor Council and leadership on campus," Thompson said.

Thompson went on to point out that the Honor Council proves that students can make very important decisions, such as the type of decisions that the administration makes in administrative hearings. "You don't get any harder judgements than the Honor trial decisions," she said.

Thompson's main goal for the Honor Council this year is to "renew the meaning of the Honor system in the faculty and the students." She sees many ways to accomplish this goal.

The first priority was to counsel the new freshmen on campus. Thompson said, "All our pledge cards are back, due to the efficient work of the Honor Counselors and the enthusiasm of the freshmen."



photo by LINDA LEONARD

### Honor President Sarah Thompson

With freshmen counseling completed, Thompson and the council are moving on to the re-counseling of the residential life staff. "It's very important that they understand the system," Thompson said. Over the summer, the new faculty and department chairmen were also counseled.

As part of the new emphasis on signing the entire Honor pledge on all work, the Council has placed posters in all the classrooms with the full pledge printed on them.

"I've had quite a few nice comments from the teachers on the posters," Thompson said.

This year the Commuting Students have three Honor Contacts: Karl Liebert, Denise Furgason, and Carl Law. Thompson would also like to see the role of Honor Contact increased in the residence halls and across the campus.

Thompson has also seen that the Bachelor of Liberal Studies students receive honor counseling.

by PATTY SMITH

*It's new and improved!* How many times have you heard this phrase? Well, this time it's not being used to describe a car or detergent. It's being used to describe the Commuting Student's Association.

Just what is new about it? For one thing, the name is new. Last year the group was called the Day Student's Association. Besides that, the president, Anthony Harmon, is new.

When asked about the significance of the name change, Harmon said, "The name 'Day Student's Association' sounds like a nasty private girls' boarding school." He said not all members of the association are day students. A great number of the members only attend night classes. Harmon feels the new name will appeal to a broader group and lend a more official air to the association.

Harmon himself has been a student at Mary Washington College since 1977 and has lived in every resident situation possible—a dormitory, at home with his family, and out on his own in town. He said this allows him to identify with the residential students more and to act more effectively as liaison for the commuting students.

When asked about participation within the association, Harmon said there was not as much participation as he would like. He divided the members of the association into three groups: those not native to the area—"ex-dormers", people from the area—"townies", and older people finishing their educations or taking classes part time.

Although Harmon said most of the participation is done by members native to Fredericksburg, he said he

has made great progress with "ex-dormers". He explained that participation is difficult with the distance some commuters live from the college and with the vast age range of the members—"from fifteen to fifty."

Lack of participation in the past has caused commuting students to



photo by LINDA LEONARD

### President Anthony Harmon

be less vocal and influential in campus affairs than residential students. Harmon explained that although they have not been as vocal as they should have been in the past, the commuting students hope to be very active in campus affairs this year. He emphasized his good rapport with SA President Anne Thompson and added, "She, more than any other SA president since 1978, has made an effort to get day students into the main stream."

As for Harmon's goals this year, he responded with two words: "parking situation". He said last year he requested the parking spaces behind ACL be reserved during the day for commuting students only. When he returned to campus this year he found these spaces reserved as faculty

parking. As most students know, Harmon said, the parking situation on campus has become a great problem and doubly so for the commuter.

Harmon's broader goals are to motivate more student activity to help the group maintain a high profile on campus. He explained part of the problem as visibility: "If there is no constant reminder of the commuting students, we tend to be passed over."

# Burnette establishes year's goals for Judicial System

by SARAH KOSAK

"The biggest change in the Judicial system this year is the use of the Judicial Court as a committee," said Campus Judicial Chairman Wendy Burnette.

Burnette has used the Court as a committee several times, for work on handbook revisions and a new proposal for administrative hearings. Burnette and the Court are also planning a trial study in one residence hall on less strict visitation regulations.

Handbook revisions for 1983-1984 have started early in the year. "It's ridiculous," said Burnette regarding new rules in the handbook, such as the rule which obligates students to attend court for missing one hour of desk duty.

Burnette would like to see the administrative hearings system reorganized. Presently, there are no trials for students who plead guilty



Judicial Chairman Wendy Burnette

and are automatically given a punishment. "Worst of all, there is no personal contact or counseling for the accused," Burnette pointed out. "Students could be just as effective in trying such students," she said.

The Judicial Court has asked the Campus Lobby Committee to research the variety of visitation regulations in state-supported schools. Burnette would like to see MWC institute 23-hour visitation "with controls."

Burnette has also instituted a few changes in residence halls. "I tried to give the Hall Judicial Chairmen better training this year," she said. Four-copy hall offenses are also on order, so that more accurate records can be kept.

"My hall JC's aren't campus policemen," Burnette said. "They're not sitting around complaining about the system, they're getting in-

Student Defenders are a new addition to the courtroom scene. "Some defenders are a bit too aggressive and irritate the court, but most are very helpful to their clients," said Burnette.

Burnette worries that several points in the Judicial and Honor systems are being overlooked, and offers some advice after watching the first eight trials this semester. "First, if you have keyed in and called in that you are safely in the residence hall, and then leave with that key, you are committing an Honor violation," she said.

"If you are asked if you have neglected to sign a guest out, and if he/she is still in the room, tell the truth. Lying is, of course, an honor offense," she added.

"You are responsible for signing out your guests, no matter what condition you are in," and "do not sign in men who are selling merchandise."

"Most of all," Burnette urged, please let me know of any suggestions you may have for the Judicial system. Don't yell at your Hall Judicial Chairman; give me a call at x4063, or visit me during my office hours, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday 11 a.m. to 12 noon."

# Poet-Journalist Forche awes listeners at first Reading

Plain Song

Close my eyes with coins, cover  
my head with agave baskets  
that have carried water.

When it happens, let the birds come.  
Let my hands fall without being fished.  
And naked in hair that grows on the dead,  
tie feathers from the young female.

Bring the tub drums and dance.  
Bring me to burn with a mesquite branch  
and wear the bones that I leave  
around your necks.

—Carolyn Forche, *Gathering the Tribes*



Carolyn Forche

photo by DAVID SPATZ

by LAURA ABENES  
Carolyn Forche is the antithesis of the unworried, idealistic poet. Her reading Wednesday evening in ACL Ballroom revealed a woman actively involved in human rights and a journalist profoundly aware of the power and influence a well-timed article can wield. Forche read from her two published volumes of poetry, *Gathering of Tribes* and *The Country Between Us* both of which are in the book store and Trinkle library. Aside from minor technical problems with the audio equipment, the reading was one of the best given at Mary Washington College.

Because of her two years as a journalist in El Salvador, much of Forche's work deals with actual events in that politically explosive area. With human rights as a major theme, poems such as "The Visitor" and "The Colonel" shocked and disgusted her audience with the revelations of the atrocities committed. She writes, "It is a small country. There is nothin one man will not do to another." The audience is told this after Forche relates the story of a political prisoner in a prison with no sewage system and where solitary confinement consists of men locked into wooden crates the size of washing machines for sometimes more than a year.

She also writes of a dinner party where the host spills a sack of human ears on the dinner table while he says "I am tired of fooling around . . . As for the rights of anyone, tell your people they can go fuck themselves." The terse impersonal style of the language sets a documentary-like tone for the horribly realistic images.

Forche also read a series of poems dealing with her own youth. One especially well-received poem involves her Slovak grandmother, Anna. The poem entitled "The Morning Baking" deals with the speaker's ambivalent feelings toward a woman who had a great deal of influence in her life. Another poem, "As Children Play," is dedicated to a childhood girlfriend. The poem ends with a vicious commentary on the two separate lifestyles the women have

chosen. She ended her reading with another image of her grandmother. This time she saw her grandmother in all the peasant women of Eastern Europe—hardworking women with coarse hands, hard eyes and babushkas wrapped around their heads.

Forche is the recipient of many awards including the Yale Younger Poets Series. Not only is she established in the field of poetry, but she is also a well-respected free lance journalist. Through her journalism and work with the non-political organization Amnesty International, she has done extensive travelling in South America and Eastern Europe. She is now working on the translation of several Salvadoran poets' works and she is also teaching writing classes at the University of Virginia.

## Oh, to be a freshman . . .

by BETHANNE DAUGHTREY

Freshmen. That word itself aptly describes what all these new faces are doing here this semester.

In their first year of college, freshmen are beginning a new phase of their lives. To some, it's an important phase. To others, a not-so-important one.

Whichever way these first-year students look at it, the returning MWC students know exactly how to tell the "fresh" from the "seasoned"—and in more ways than one.

Spotting freshmen seems to become easier and easier the longer students are here. And of course, much of their how-to-spot-a-freshman criteria comes from remembering their own experiences as a first-year student.

For several students, the sure sign of a freshman girl was the inevitable pocketbook slung across the shoulder "everywhere they go."

For the freshman males, the judging points were a little more varied. Some "seasoned" students said many first-year fellows "walk around like they are in heaven"—referring to the large number of "angelic" feminine beauties passing them everywhere.

Other criteria for spotting freshman males varied from "they all have stiff, new blue jeans bought especially for their new college adventures" to "you can just tell—mainly because there are so many of them and most upperclass girls know all the 'old' faces."

For both sexes, first-year students are especially obvious to upperclassmen during the first two weeks of school. "The freshmen are the ones who waited in

those long bookstore lines the first three days—while most upperclassmen said "Forget it!"

Besides these tell-tale signs, "they were always asking where the bathroom was and introducing themselves to you when you sat at their table at Seacobeck."

As the year wears on, freshmen still make themselves obvious in other stereotypical actions. "They are all thin— but then second semester isn't here yet!" And concerning such health and nutritional issues, freshmen are also spotted by the fact that many "go to dinner in whole packs— they must not like to eat alone" and "they seem to always be walking from Seacobeck with an ice cream cone."

One male senior pointed out his criteria in very terse terms— "they are just damn young!"

The list goes on. "They are the ones who forget their P.O. box combinations the second week of school and have to get the post office guys to pick out the numbers."

In the expression department, there is "that general look of nervousness that doesn't go away at least until after fall break." This category also qualifies the "glazed look of a lost puppy in a crowd of fast-moving feet."

Whatever may point out a freshman to "those who've been around," one student explained that the important thing to remember when spotting out the new faces is to "realize we were all in their shoes not too long ago. In other words, just because we are one or two or three years ahead of them, what difference does it make? A student is a student is a student, so we should all have something in common."

### HOW DID YOU DO?

Listed below are the tell-tale signs of a freshman:

GUY  
Fredericksburg Tour Shirt  
Stadium cup ("Let's get smashed")  
Wrinkled clothes (new sign of independence or old sign of laziness).  
5 o'clock shadow  
dirty nikes  
rolled up Playboy  
mismatched socks (who cares)

Hidden: schedule of classes, map of campus, quarter for "quarters."

GIRL  
shoulder bag  
Fredericksburg tour shirt  
suitcase (ready to go home—and see her boyfriend)  
braids  
watch (always with correct time so she's not late for class)  
Farmer & Merchants book bag (free with first deposit)  
Wrap skirt  
library survival kit  
Hidden: Intro books, P.O. Box combination, home town honey's ring.

## Holley's Deli



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Party Platters for groups of 10 or more

*We are so close  
and  
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# COLUMNS

DARYL LEASE

## Still blinded by the light in this modern world

Think about this: if you were the last person on earth, Jesus Christ would have died for you. And you would have nailed Him to the cross.  
—a message posted last year in Randolph Hall

If Jesus Christ were alive today—and I dare say he is—he'd probably die laughing at the black comedy staged daily in his name by those in our nation who wish to establish an age of morality and with it the right to behave idiotically on behalf of such abstract notions. Not since Plato's atavistic explorers emerged from the depths of their cave have so many been so blinded by the light. God's Men of the Hour, some of them call themselves, and a pragmatic bunch they are: they've ascended all right, but this time they brought the wall with them, chains and all.

The chances of finding a genuine holy person in this lot of crusaders are equal to those of finding a hot plate in Hell. By and large, they've

ANNE BABER

always got their hands in someone else's pockets and their reasoning is insipid. (Now don't get me wrong: I have no qualms about one's desire to believe in God; I think He's one of man's best friends, despite it all. Nor am I in any way supporting Satanism and such; in fact, I'm violently opposed to people who sit in the dark and insist the repetition of inane phrases is the key to enlightenment. Sounds like a preppy party, come to think of it.)

*The chances of finding a genuine holy person in this lot of crusaders are equal to those of finding a hot plate in Hell.*

I've spent an ungodly amount of time watching these evangelists and their followers, and, to steal a phrase from H.L. Menckhen, I think they can be divided into two classes: those to whom thinking is painful, and those to whom it is impossible.

Allow me to present a compendium of nightmarish dialogues I've had with these people:

"Excuse me, Mrs. Pristine, but can Johnny come out and . . . read?"

"No, he cannot! I won't have you people pollutin' my child's mind with the filth in them books!"

"Wait a minute, Mrs. Pristine. I've got some really good books here that will broaden Johnny's mind and open new worlds for him."

"New worlds! The fires of hell what you be bringin' my boy!"

"No, no. I have here *The Catcher in the Rye*, a wonderful book, a satire about growing up in an insincere world."

"Obscene! The language is vile!"

"But you know, ma'm, language is given to symbolism. It's not always to be taken so literally. When a person uses an 'obscene' word, he may be trying to say something that nice words can't express."

"Blaspheme! Get off my porch!"

"And I've got Shakespeare on immorality through love and Twain on

human dignity. All very good books. . ."

"Trash! Smut! My boy'd end up a pervert like you! A communis or somethin'."

"Oh, and here's a really good one, *Silas Marner* by . . ."

"Demon! You can't tell what that dirty old man done to that child between chapters!"

"Here's a good one— *To Kill a Mockingbird*."

"No indeedy! The word— God forgive me—rape is used in that one!"

"You're right. We'd better pretend that doesn't exist. Let's see now . . . how about F. Scott Fitzgerald, Lawrence, Hemingway, Faulkner, The Bible. . ."

"Stop."

"Excuse me?"

"The Bible. I let my Johnny read that."

"Are you sure, Mrs. Pristine, I don't know. . ."

"Gimme it."

"I've been doing a little reading about that. I think you'd be interested in the results of some

research done several years ago, one of the first studies done under Rockefeller grant."

"A good clean man, the Rockefeller."

"Uh, I think you've put your finger on something there. Anyone in this study people were asked 'Where did you get your first sexual knowledge? Guess what the most frequent replies were?'"

"Why, in the streets where everybody finds out 'bout them kind of things."

"No, ma'm. The most frequent responses were the Bible and the encyclopedia."

"Oh my lands! Matches! What are my matches? Johnny, stop wenching that damn Jerry Falwell and get in here with my matches! We've got some books to burn."

Oh no! Now my daddy's going to have to nail Jesus back on the cross!

—a MWC student, after her crucifixion fell from a wall and broke

## Vocabulary stumblers make a total glitch of things

The *New Yorker*, in a recent "Goings on About Town, used what first struck me as a rather alarming phrase, comparing the activity on the floor of the stock exchange to a bunch of "commuters with their heads cut off." My, what a metropolitanized view of the world that lends us. Historians analyzing this phrase in a few hundred years will wonder, and with justifiable reason, what kind of society we had.

And if the image of chickens running about with their heads cut off is not gruesome enough, imagine Grand Central in the same light. Ugh. Of course, the vast majority of the *New Yorker's* audience may have no idea of what a chicken really is. A

Rhode Island Red, is, after all, very different from a pigeon in Washington Square.

Now I really do hate to harp on the *New Yorker* but I could not help but notice use of the word "glitch" in the same article. In this case it seemed to refer to a computer mishap.

Maybe the *New Yorker's* audience readily understands this word, but I sure didn't. First I thought I was just naive, and having grown up in the mountains of Pennsylvania probably doesn't help either. I chose to investigate.

My first reference was William Safire, weekly columnist for the *New York Times Magazine*, who writes "On Language." He makes a point of

knowing all about such odd words. I was not at all disappointed. Mr. Safire called "glitch" a synonym for "snafu," and went so far as to trace its etymology. It was, he said, rooted in the Yiddish verb "glitschen," meaning "to slip."

Still, I was unsatisfied. I doubted the average person would use this word commonly, and even if they did I questioned whether or not they would use it in this context. I added one more variable to my "research" by asking people I interviewed where they were from. I was wondering if we were all a bunch of students running around with our heads cut off, or if we were sophisticated and really did use it as a computer term.

As it happened, only one person gave it the *New Yorker's* usage. A student from the indeterminate and transient Northern Virginia. I did half suspect the "right" answer to come from someone with a metropolitan background. But, out of countless other proddings, no one else gave that answer.

One Northern Virginian informed me very authoritatively that it was the sound a hat makes when it drops into a vat of cement. He had actually seen this happen and was painstaking in his description.

A girl from New Jersey said glitch was an elf living in the Keebler tree.

Someone from New York called it a synonym for getting intoxicated. "Was she ever glitched?" From Richmond came the response that had been my first reaction. "Glitch is yucky, probably green, and muddy. 'Get that glitch off your shoes!' or 'There was glitch all over the floor.'"

Glitch can also describe human anatomy. The part of you below your nose and above your mouth is your "glitch." Or, it can be used in the phrase, "Not tonight, honey, I've got the glitch." Hmm.

Well maybe we are just a bunch of students running around MWC with their heads cut off.

CHRIS GAY

## Pro football strike reflects path of American mentality

There is something disgusting about the current NFL strike that is difficult to put one's finger on. I think more than anything it is the anger we feel toward those who take themselves too seriously. In a world where millions are starving, in a country with 11 million unemployed, I find it amusing, at best, that those who are so fortunate as to be paid, and paid well, for doing something that they supposedly enjoy, could possibly be dissatisfied. How many waitresses, secretaries, truckdrivers, or college professors, would think of quitting their positions and holding out for a minimum guarantee of \$90,000 for the first year's service (regardless of its quality) and severance pay of \$15,000 for each year of that service (just two of the players' demands).

The argument for the players is that they are subject to short careers (averaging four years) and that they are only demanding, for their services, what the traffic will bear, a position wholly consistent with the free-market system. Fine. I have no quarrel with their right to ask for the most they can get. What is troubling is the mentality in our society which values entertainers (and this is essentially what professional athletes are) more than it does those who are certainly more important to our well-being: teachers, policemen, civil servants, to name a few. The striking players are only symptoms of this mentality, perhaps to be expected in a hedonistic culture which assigns greater status to the likes of Elvis Presley than to the average physician or Congressman, both of whom are directly responsible for our welfare. The point is, if the value placed upon a person were commensurate with his or her actual worth in society, then the most the players could get would be far below that of the afore-mentioned professions, and the mere thought of them striking for higher pay would be ludicrous indeed. Moreover, even if they did threaten to strike, no one would be overly concerned, just as few today would give much worry to the threat of a strike by the Boston Symphony or the Rolling Stones. In short, I am not disturbed that entertainers take advantage of their superior status; I am bothered that they have achieved such status in the first place. Perhaps I am screaming into the wind in asking that we change our perspective as regards entertainers and society, but that is what editorials are for.

Before all the cards and letters to the contrary come pouring in, note that I am not denying a place for entertainment in our culture, for there certainly is one. What I call into question is the culture which blurs distinction between fantasy and reality, often emphasizing the former over the latter. Typical of this mentality are the sort of people who indulge in day-time soaps and tabloid magazines, those who are more familiar with some form of popular music than with the structure of their own government, those who can name every player on their favorite football team but none of their representatives in Congress. It is this sort of thinking, or lack of it, that encourages a false sense of importance among those who, forgetting their relative unimportance, protest for more than their already exorbitant earnings.



I hope the current strike will bring all this into enlightened debate and discussion, but then I was hoping that last year during the baseball strike. Perhaps we should take solace in the prospect of \$550 million that would otherwise have been spent on professional football, being diverted elsewhere, possibly stimulating the economy so as to herald a new era of prosperity, the likes of which haven't been experienced in sixty years. On the other hand, if the demise of professional football is permanent, then maybe we should be shuddering at the possible alternatives which will invariably vie for our attention. In the advent of professional Pac-Man league at hand? A National Martial Arts Wrestling Olympics perchance? So, don't despair, when these sports start producing their own superstars, million-dollar gates, and mercurized followers, you can be sure that million-dollar salaries, unionization, and, ultimately, player strikes are only a step away.



EMERY

# Keg party season adds taste of 'adventure'

Keg party season is upon us. Like falling leaves and Indian Summer, keg parties sweep the MWC campus every year at this time. Like hidden messages and bare trees and long shadows, keg parties are more than just cheap and a place to spend weekends. God didn't create keg parties, man would have had invented them. (You get next semester's tuition that OUR Residence Life office had nothing to do with it.) Keg parties are great. Where else can you secede from the human world for a night on the pretext of having fun? Where else in life can you act as a fully bankrupt and get away with it? Some of you are already disagreeing. You claim that you go to dance, drink beer, meet friends, get out of the dorm for awhile, etc. But the overwhelming majority of us go there to get smashed. We want to hang around in sauna-like rooms and drink as much beer as we can. Any rational person would not pay money to get into keg parties. Is it fun to dance and sweat in intense heat and have fat cops chase you around for opening windows? Is it fun to wade through inches of muck only to slip and ruin your best pair of Calvin's? (Most MWC students have learned not to go up for keggers.) Is it fun to wait in line to get in? Is it fun to wait in line for beer? Is it fun to wait 15 minutes to go to the bathroom? Why do we go week after week, year after year? The answer may be that (after working for months on end during the summer) three weeks of school cleans us out financially. Road trips are out and parties fit our meager budgets. Also, keggers allow us to be sick the next day so we don't have to study. Two dollar beer is a big draw, but what really makes keg parties a big success is the draws in the crowds are the members of the opposite sex. That and the beer provide for a very combustible situation. At keggers you can pull the shit, stuff your mother would shoot you for. Where else can you meet someone and half an hour later take them back to your room? Sophomores and juniors are least impressed by keg parties. They have more sophisticated. They want more meaningful relationships. They are getting tired of the same old thing week after week. They are putting themselves above the rest of us. Seniors reawaken to keggers. This is their last MWC year and they are ready feeling a bit nostalgic. They want to do *everything*. Besides, the cost is right. Compared to the real world, keg parties are a bargain. At two dollars, this is the cheapest date I've ever been on.



Illustration by David Spatz

Freshmen. What would keg parties be without them? Most are going out as adults for the first time. Freshman girls get drunk and upset because their roommates are drunk and picking up some strange guy. What makes it so traumatic is that the girl's boyfriend is coming down next weekend and he would be very upset if he knew what was happening. Freshman guys are doing everything they can to bring a girl back to their room. Freshman find out real quick that keggers are just a pit stop on the highway of love, that attractive bodies are just that and usually nothing more. Keg parties are their first introduction to life in the fast lane. Not everyone falls into the above categories. Some of us attend keg parties with religious conviction. We are first in line at every one of them. We plan tests, papers, and our lives around keggers. But for all of us keggers are not just parties, they're an adventure.

## HUCK BOREK'S CAMPUS MUSIC SCENE

### Thunderbay strikes season's first kegger

Occasionally, Mary Washington College plays host to events known as keg parties. At least this was the case last year—this year I was beginning to wonder. Be that as it may, on Friday, October 1, the inevitable opened as the International Relations Club sponsored the very first kegger of 1982. Keg parties have two very important features: beer and music. The former is generally pretty much the same, and there were 17 kegs on Friday, which made it all the better. The latter is music. That was provided by Thunderbay, a local group of musicians. Thunderbay consists of Kevin Borek and Rob Powell on guitars, Tom Golden on bass, Tom Allwood on drums, and E.B. Borek doing the keyboard work. Thunderbay has played MWC a number of times in the past—primarily because most of the band members are former students. When asked, the lead vocalist and the drummer of the group, was asked why they keep returning, he said "We like the crowd—they're great." The kegger, at least on Friday night, was mutual. The reason was not the quality of the band, but rather because it was the right time and place for the particular brand of music. When people go to keggers, they apparently want to dance (or so I've

been told). Thunderbay's music was anything but dance music. Despite some technical problems early in the gig, the band was really not that bad. Their selection was poppy-type rock (not of the top 40 variety, though) with several originals thrown in. (Those originals, by the way, will be appearing on the group's very first album, to be released sometime around Christmas.) How they played what they played was good. The problem was that they chose to play it in that particular environment and at that particular moment in the cosmic structure of man's existence. The general consensus of the crowd was that these guys just weren't right for a kegger. At any rate, if you'd rather see this band in another light, they'll be going into the studio on October 8 and then they'll appear again on the 16 at the Frat-Ber-Blast in Fairfax. You'll be able to see them in Fredericksburg again on the 28, 29, and 30 when they set up shop for a three night engagement at Eugates. Coming to the Pub tonight is Jimmy Landry, who is being sponsored by the S.A. Entertainment Committee. Landry plays guitar and does vocals and should be interesting to hear. Admission will be \$1 at the door.

## Record Review



Illustration by David Spatz

### Cheap Trick's "One on One"

Cheap Trick has always been an eccentric band. Rick Nielson (the lead guitarist) has got to be one of the most incredibly bizarre personalities in the rock industry. Bun E. Carlos (the drummer) dresses like he's a middle aged grocery store manager who drives a station wagon and has three kids. This bizarre behavior is not only one aspect of the band, it is the band. But Cheap Trick is not merely another absurdly outlandish California band (they're actually from the mid-west), they also sound great and they're a hell of a lot of fun. *One On One* is, indeed, a fun album. Let's face it—this kind of music doesn't exactly deliver any hard-hitting sociological messages. More important, is that it doesn't pretend to. Cheap Trick is out to have a good time and to help their listeners do the same thing. This is undoubtedly the most Beatles-influenced LP that Cheap Trick has put out to date. On cuts like "If You Want My Love" and "Oo La La", vocalist Robin Zander comes off sounding almost exactly like John Lennon. As a matter of fact, I've got to believe that if the Beatles were around today, something sounding very similar to "If You Want My Love" would be among their releases. *One On One* is a solid theme album. The theme it uses, namely sex, has been used successfully time and again by a number of bands. Songs like "She's Tight" and "I Want Be Man" are typical of the album as a whole. Cheap Trick has been on a sort of downhill slide in regard to their careers during the last couple of years. *One On One* is, in many respects, their make-it-or-break-it LP. I think they've made it.

### Donna Summer's "Donna Summer"

Just when you begin to think that people are beginning to get settled into their own little musical niche, along comes Donna Summer. This one-time queen of disco has released, believe it or not, an album that sounds very poppy and, at times, almost rockish! Will wonders never cease? Donna Summer is no idiot. She, like the rest of the world, realizes that disco is out (gosh darn) and that there is no longer any money to be made in that area. So low and behold, the *Donna Summer* album is released with, would you believe, a Bruce Springsteen penned tune on it! What baffles me is what must go on in the minds of people who buy this album. Are they buying it figuring that it's disco? It's not. Are they buying this release by the queen of disco for its pop qualities? I doubt it. Are they purchasing the LP because there is a song written by Bruce Springsteen on it? This seems unlikely for all but the incredibly hard core Springsteen fans who have everything else he's ever worked on. The fact of the matter is (as indicated by the charts), they are no longer buying it. I think that this is the result of the realization that this is a nothing album—its not really pop, certainly not disco, and far from actually being rock. Donna has tried to please everyone and has ended up pleasing no one. Nice try at an illusion—too bad it didn't work.

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## Student scalded in steamy fall

by KATHY McDONALD  
"What happened to me could have happened to anyone," said Mary Washington College student Tom Gannon referring to an accident which caused him to sustain second and third degree burns on his right foot and ankle.

The mishap occurred on September 12 when Gannon, taking a familiar shortcut down the hill on the left side of Bushnell Hall, fell into a five foot deep pool of 300-degree water, after the ground collapsed under him.

The water had evidently been leaking from an underground steamline for a long enough time to cause the erosion of the ground which caved in as Gannon walked over the area.

According to Gannon, "The

ground had always been hot there. No rain or snow could settle there without evaporating quickly. When walking over the ground I could always feel heat rising from it. I think the maintenance men were aware that something was responsible for the difference in temperature, but nothing as far as I know was done to investigate the causes. If this matter had been looked into, my accident might never have occurred."

Gannon fell up to his hip in the scalding water, but managed to pull himself out of the hole. Although his upper calves and thighs were not badly injured, prolonged contact with the water absorbed by his sock and tennis shoe caused second and third degree burns over his feet and ankles. After placing a piece of furniture over the hole, Gannon went to Mercer Health Center.

At the health center, Gannon was treated for the burns and the health center physician recommended he see Dr. Louis B. Massad, a surgeon off campus. Since then Gannon has made three visits to that doctor and will continue to see the physician until the second week of October.

Although he has been reimbursed for the shoes he was wearing at the time of the accident, Gannon has yet been notified as to whether College will accept liability for the accident and agree to pay doctor fees.

Gannon would make no comment about the college's liability for the mishap.

Dr. William Anderson, MWC executive vice-president, verified the fact that Gannon was reimbursed the clothing that was damaged.

When asked if the college intended to take action regarding the payment of the student's medical bill, Anderson replied, "The school requires that each student or the parents have medical insurance cover accidents of this nature."

"Mr. Gannon's accident was unfortunate and we regret that Tom was injured, but the school had no way of foreseeing this mishap," Anderson continued. "We tried to make sure Tom received the best medical attention and I believe Tom exhibited an attitude indicative of the character of the majority of our students when an accident such as this occurs," he said.

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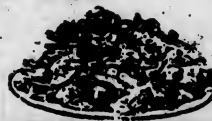
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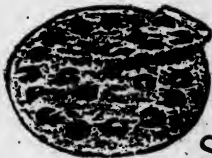
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## Singh returns from Java

By DEONA  
HOUFF

Dr. Ramon Singh of the English department has recently returned from a year in Java.

At a recent English Club meeting, he discussed his experiences there where he established a graduate program in American Studies at Gadjah Mada University in Jogjakart.

Java is the main island of the Republic of Indonesia, a guided democracy.

While in Java, Singh taught American literature classes and a faculty seminar. The administrative work involved in establishing the new program was challenging, he said, but the classes proved to be very popular with the Javanese students. Gadjah Mada, where most classes end by early afternoon, has very high admissions standards. All of the 12-13,000 who apply each year spend a week at the school taking entrance exams. Only 12-1300 are accepted.

Singh, who has been at MWC since 1967, found the Javanese "very secure in their cultural habits." Western influence, such as rock music and discos, only touches the surface of the Indonesian way of life. Singh especially enjoyed what he calls "rubber time". That is, students have an easy-going "what's the hurry?" attitude and were very often fifteen minutes late for class.

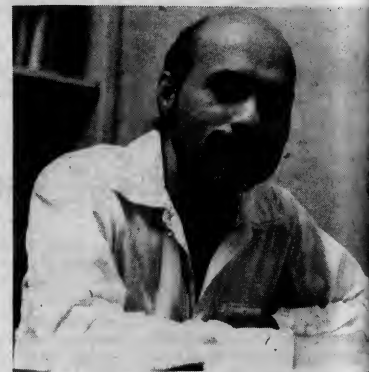


photo by CHRIS DEON

Dr. Ramon Singh

Singh himself had to start classes a month behind schedule, but the University considered it no problem.

Clad in a sarong (a full length wrap-around skirt worn by both sexes in Indonesia) and a batik hand-made shirt of which there are no two alike—the most formal wear in Indonesia, Singh obviously enjoyed telling the approximately thirty faculty members and students at the meeting of his stay in Java. He passed around pictures from a climb up one of Indonesia's many active volcanoes and from another Indonesian island, the famous resort of Bali. People in the tourist trade call Bali "Paradise on Earth". When asked why he ever left such a beautiful and charming place, Singh said, "I enjoyed my one year. If I'd stayed a second, I might never have come back."

Dr. Singh went to Java on Fulbright-Hays senior lectureship administered by the U.S. International Communication Agency.



# Arbogast corners bystanders with difficult questions

by CHUCK BOREK

How long can you go on like "Where's Arkansas?" The list of typical (and slightly bizarre) questions asked by Warren Arbogast for segment on AVC-TV's Update program goes on and on. "Which is first, the hen or the rooster?" "How far do you have to hit a ball for it to be a homerun?" Arbogast can be seen throwing provocative questions to unsuspecting passersby every Monday afternoon in front of Virginia Hall. The Update program on which the comments are featured airs every Wednesday at 6 p.m. on AVC-TV, channel 6. I recently had the opportunity to chat with Arbogast on the edge of the arms race, the war on poverty, and the location of Vermont.

Arbogast is a junior primarily interested in sportscasting. Last January, he was given a 15-minute sports segment. "I was honored that they gave me so much time," he says, but he wasn't convinced that covering only sports would attract viewers. So the questions came, and Arbogast became somewhat of a celebrity at MWC.

When asked what the purpose of the segment was, Arbogast said "to be fun" and "to get people to think." "Many of the questions actually do have answers, and people have to use their common sense to find them," Arbogast says.



Warren Arbogast

photo by TERRY HUDACHEK

One can absorb a bit of the human condition through the answers people give Arbogast said. "When one lady was recently asked, 'How long can you go on like this?,' she went on at great length about how dirty the Roy Roger's in Rockville, Maryland

was," says Arbogast.

What do the answers the students give tell us about the MWC community? Arbogast says that "most students are intelligent, but when it comes to common sense (in front of the camera), they're left behind."

What people don't seem to realize is that the questions are designed to extract funny responses without any effort on the part of the "questionee". "About 90 percent of the people don't try to be funny, and that's what we want," says Warren.

On the other hand, "a few people opt for the intellectual answer." Sometimes, says Arbogast, "people who aren't really intelligent try to pretend they are." One student told him that Arkansas was "somewhere in France."

A new addition to the segment this

year is occasional questions asked at off campus locations, as well as on campus. Although the recent addition has just gotten underway, Arbogast found that "people in Fredericksburg aren't really different from Mary Washington students."

How does he choose his "victims"? Arbogast says he likes to pick "nice looking girls" and "people who look like they might give a 'different' answer." He also adds that "people who look like they don't want to answer are my prime targets." If all else fails, "Frank Gilmore is always ready to respond."

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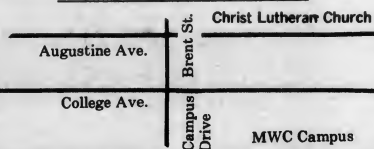
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# Language phobia inflicts anxiety

By R. FINNEY

Some claim to have a "math phobia"—a persistent or illogical fear of formulas and proofs written in that confusing vernacular from Number Country. I have friends who are afraid of derivatives and even the multiplicative identity. But what about the other neurosis? What about the quiet cowering crowd who fear a foreign language? Yes, we are here and we do not know how to conjugate. "Language phobia"—an anxiety worth worry. Is it caused from an intense love of the English language? A loyalty so strong it blocks the memorization of third person direct object pronouns? Maybe it all stems from a fear of public humiliation. What if you are not sure how to ask someone if they WILL go, ARE going, or ALL go or came FROM the butcher's shop? It can be a rather pleasant (and embarrassing) tirade.

Some sympathetic professors in the Foreign Language Department commented that beginning students must "hide the imagination" and memorize, memorize this massive stuff they have no control over... the French, Germans and Spanish have already decided their language for them." So it isn't always a matter of understanding as much as it is a matter of acceptance. But passive acceptance never seemed so frightening!

Let's take the language lab experience. In the listening lab, students have the opportunity to hear perfect French, Russian, Spanish, Italian, etc. We are supposed to not only imitate that perfection



but become INSPIRED by it. Mostly we become depressed but only after becoming frustrated. Do you know what it is like to sit still and hear some strange voice rattle on about some train station somewhere, sometime, and not be sure about anything except the tightness of the earphones? Well it is frustrating, then depressing.

Please don't misunderstand—this fear of foreign language does not

mean a dislike for cultures and different pronunciations. On the contrary, we have enormous respect for those who do have magic tongues and ears. We are in awe of those who really understand a non-English conversation. And we dream of the day when our mental block between English and the other languages will disintegrate into a dusty mix of culture.

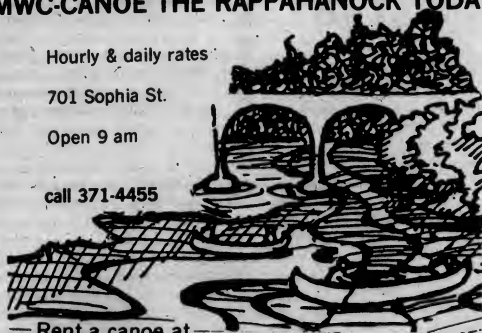
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## ILLUSIONS



photo by DAVID SPATZ

*And homeless near a thousand homes I stood.**—Wordsworth*

## The Viceroy Girl

--An original story in weekly chapters ©

by JACK PIRES

### CHAPTER TWO

My alarm clock went off at 7:02. I slowly sat up and took a deep breath, as I tried to remember the dream I was having. Some rich guy with a gun asked me to find this beautiful girl, and then he threw me a bunch of hundred-dollar bills. Wow.

I got out of bed and was heading for the bathroom, when my eyes fell upon a large yellow envelope lying on the dining room table. I changed course and approached it. I picked it up and carefully reached inside. The money was still there. It hadn't been a dream. I dumped the envelope out. There must have been fifty, crisp, one-hundred-dollar bills in there. I hadn't seen a heap like that since I took that guided tour through The Mint. It was more than I'd ever charge for a missing person case; even for a rich guy like Bridgestone. I didn't get it. A man of his position didn't get there by tossing around toadskins as if they were confetti. To be honest, it made me a little suspicious. Not uneasy, just suspicious. He could have had my services for much less than that, and I still would have been quite happy. Maybe he was just a little eccentric. And maybe I was making more out of it than I should have been. Maybe.

I got up and walked across the living room, to the framed autographed picture of the Dodgers, which hung on the wall above the fireplace. Behind it was a safe. I dialed it open. It had been a while since I put *that* much dough in the oven. I should have been overjoyed, but I wasn't. I felt kind of like a guy at a blackjack table who has fifteen.

The water in the shower was hot. Steam filled the bathroom. My mind drifted back to last night, and the episode with Bridgestone. The more I thought about it, the stranger it seemed. A disheveled man slips into my office, after hours, with his gun drawn, and starts ordering me around. He seems to be shaken up. A frantic figure. But at the same time, he's a man strangely in control of himself. It was as if he rehearsed the whole thing beforehand. It was a text book setup. He sneaks in, surprising me. I'm off-balance. In the middle of my confusion, he becomes very controlled, very precise in his orders. A man in desperation becomes a hard-nosed drill sergeant in a matter of minutes. What gives? Why the big performance?

The phone rang. I thought first to ignore it, but I never made any money that way. I got out

of the tub, dripping water on the carpet in a long, damp path to the telephone. I lifted the receiver.

"Hello?"

There was no response.

"Is that you, Lieutenant?"

Silence. I knew there was someone there.

"Hey, pal you know what I heard? I heard that your mother swims out to the troop ships."

Still no reply. I hung up.

New York has the same percentage of screwballs as any other big city, but it has more people. So, more screwballs. It's something you get used to.

As I retraced my steps to the bathroom, I noticed her, lying face up on the rug. The Viceroy Girl was smiling up at me from her photo, as if she could see me standing there in Adam and Eve's togs. I picked up the picture. She was a real piece of work. What a smile! Every tooth was the same size and shape: shiny, white and perfect, like a row of tiny milk bottles. Her eyes were dark and mysterious, like Carmen Miranda's but her hair was blonde and silky. Her legs were about a mile long and her boobs were perfectly round. She was almost too pretty to believe. Like one of those fragile china dolls who somehow came to life.

I turned the picture over. Printed on the back was the name of her employer: the Pontpiere Agency, 851 Third Avenue. They were the biggest peach peddlers in Manhattan. Phony French name and everything. Pontpiere. I'd like to meet the big boss. I bet he's got more breads than he can handle. Or better yet, maybe he's a lavender boy, and can't stand the place.

I stuck the picture in my jacket and returned to the bathroom. The steam lingered. I wiped the mirror with my damp hand and then took the shaving mug out of the cabinet. I brushed some soap onto my face. As I drew the razor up and down the brown leather strap, I thought about my next move. First I had to check out the story. And the best place to do that would be at the Agency. If I couldn't see his highness, maybe I could squeeze some facts out of his nosey secretary. They usually know more about a business than the owner does. And they love to spill it. Especially to a clean-shaven guy, wrapped in a white linen suit and Old Spice

## Women's tennis team

# Netters keep on winning; handle opponents easily

by PATSY O'CONNELL

undefeated John Hopkins University could not handle the overpowering depth of the Mary Washington women's tennis team, as the Blue Tides crushed its visiting opponent, 5-0, on September 29.

The NCAA selection committee would be impressed with the victory over the strong JHU team, which won three players last year to the NCAA National Tennis Tournament.

In singles play, Deeanne Wardman and Mary Glowacki, the number one and number two singles players, both lost tough three-set matches, but the depth of MWC's roster was able to back up the two and pull out to win.

Senior Patsy O'Connell, at number three in singles, and senior Kathy Healey, at number four, played tough matches, beating their opponents 6-0, 6-3 and 6-1, 6-0.

Kathy Devine and Jamie Rund, the number five and six players, did not give their opponents a chance, rolling through them 6-1, 6-2 and 6-0, 6-2.

All three of the Blue Tide doubles teams won their matches easily. At number one doubles, Devine and Wardman had few troubles in their match, winning 6-0, 6-2. The number two doubles AIAW championship team of O'Connell and Glowacki, had some troubles in the second set, but pulled their match out with a score of 6-1, 6-4. Rund and Healey at

number three doubles blew through their opponents 6-0, 6-0.

Earlier in the week, the team beat Mary Baldwin College, 9-0. Few MWC players had trouble winning their matches, with Healey, Devine, and Nancy Taylor all winning, 6-0, 6-0.

The last match of the week, Saturday, October 2, the Blue Tide once again beat its opponent, Randolph-Macon Women's College, 9-0. The victory boosted the tennis team's record to 7-1.

MWC's women's tennis team will host the NCAA Division I Georgetown University, October 5, in a very important match. The players would greatly appreciate all the support possible. Be there,



photo by DAVID SPATZ

Deeanne Wardman scoops up volley during a recent match.

## Warriors defeat Catholic

# Men's X-country team runs record to 5-0

by CHRIS TRIZNA

improving their record to 5-0, the best opening season ever, the men's cross country team easily defeated Catholic, October 2, 18-40. Before the race, Coach Rick Wagner told his runners to expect a tough race and to run according to how they felt because of the weak Catholic team.

Jeff Byers finished in first place with a time of 26:40. Brenden McElroy crossed the finish line second, Karl Stith third, Mike Bell

fourth and Dave Modrak finished sixth. The time gap between the top five runners was only 53 seconds.

Three years ago, the team finished the season with a 1-9 record. Last year, Coach Wagner took over the team and finished with a 6-5 record. This year, Wagner recruited a number of talented freshmen. The workouts have been much harder since Wagner took over the job, having three hard workouts a week. The team runs between 70 and 85

miles a week with two practices a day, one at 6:45 a.m. and 3:30 p.m.

Junior veteran Dave Modrak pointed out, "Out of our five losses last year, we've beaten two of the teams earlier this season. Two of them we don't race against and Bridgewater was a close loss last year. We are much stronger, and we should beat them."

The next race will be at William and Mary against their junior varsity team on a 10,000 meter course, October 9.

# Georgetown falls to MWC soccer team

by KENT RICE

Chris Hamill's goal off an indirect kick broke a 1-1 tie as the soccer team defeated host Georgetown, 2-1, Saturday, October 2. The goal was Hamill's third of the young season. Sophomore Scott Brenacker opened the scoring for MWC as he kicked a loose ball past the Georgetown keeper.

The Tide endured poor field conditions and questionable refereeing throughout the contest. The backs, led by sweeper Tom Belli, were forced to make quick passes instead of controlling the ball due to the rough field. Don Laughlin played goal, shutting out the Georgetown attack.

Earlier in the week, a Washington Lee goal with eleven seconds left gave the Tide a 2-1 defeat September

In the second half, the Washington and Lee left wing drilled a 25 yard line drive past goalie Chris Roberson. The Tide regained control and just as overtime seemed inevitable, a long crossing ball was headed by Roland Simon of Washington and Lee. The loss was a

particularly disappointing one.

Coach Roy Gordon attributed the second-half breakdown to poor anticipation: "We weren't anticipating the pass," he lamented.

The Tide tangles with tough Catholic Saturday, October 9 at the Battlefield.



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## SPORTS

## Owners, players must compromise on NFL strike issues

SPORTS COLUMN  
by VIC BRADSHAW

For the last few days, I've been looking for a math major who will tell me exactly what I want to hear.

No, no, no, I'm not talking about that. All I want to hear is that skew lines do intersect.

Explanation. A few years back, it was drummed into my pubescent head that parallel lines did not intersect. But last week in a philosophy class, someone told me that my high school teachers had lied—in some forms of math parallel lines do intersect.

Now I want to hear someone say skew lines—those located on different planes—intersect, because if they don't, this damned NFL strike will never be settled.

At this point, the players and the management are on two different planes, and neither wants to break from its spot. So, until someone budges, the players will go without paychecks, the owners will go without huge profits, and the fans will go without football.

All the depression and confusion over the strike has caused several bogus impressions about the players and owners to fly about.

Perhaps the most popular misconception about the strike is

that it was caused totally by greed. Even WRC-TV sportscaster George Michaels jumped on this bandwagon. Well George, you've been smoking too many film clips. Let me explain.

The NFL players are not all \$300,000-a-year men. There are more making \$50,000 than there are raking in the really big bucks. What's more, the NFL has yearly turnover rate of 25 percent, that is, one out of every four players is replaced each year. Those who get replaced are not your most talented (highest paid) players. They are the marginal (lowest paid) ones who haven't made a mint in the game.

The players are looking for security. They want a base pay structure with a system of bonuses to reward those players with the most experience and those who stand out. They want something worked out so that older, higher-paid players will not be cut from a team simply because cheaper talent is available. They want better compensation and pensions and etc. The players, like Linus, want a blanket.

The owners, on the other hand, don't want to be told how to run their business. They didn't want to have to fork over 55 percent of their profits. They don't want to be told where their salary money has to

come from. The owners don't need 49 additional partners in their business.

And the owners are right here. As I see it, 1.6 billion dollars (the figure both sides have agreed on) is 1.6 billion dollars. If someone is going to pay me, they can get the money

costly, younger players, it is only because coaches feel that the veteran has fewer years of service left than his competitor and, therefore, will be of less service down the road.

The players are also off base on the

positive start toward settling the matter.

By this time, I know that someone out there is yelling, "The players are overpaid!" I disagree. When the step out on the field every week they are putting their health and literally, their lives on the line. This is so much at stake every time they play. Invariably there is some airhead reading this who is now considering calling me up and telling that the players know the risk they are taking. Yes, Bozo, and that's why they are well paid—the risk. Was Darryl Stingley overpaid?

So here's my proposed solution. It's not my original solution, as was used a few centuries ago when the Catholic hierarchy could decide on a pope.

You get the 28 team owners and the 28 player representative together in a building. You get them water and bread, and tell them you're locking them in the room until the problem is solved. No one enters, no one will leave. If they aren't resolved in three days, the roof of the building will be taken off and remain off until a settlement is reached.

My guess is that, if this were done today, players would be back to "retraining camp by Friday. Oh those Catholics are geniuses."

*Invariably there is some airhead reading this who is now considering calling me up and telling me that the players know the risk they are taking. Yes, Bozo, and that's why they are well paid—the risk. Was Darryl Stingley overpaid?*

anywhere they choose. What difference does it make whether the owners get the money from half the television revenues or by mugging some Mary Washington College professor of his pocket change as he strolls down Sunken Road.

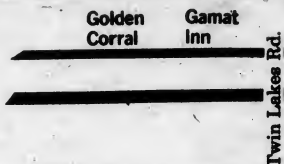
The players are also wrong on a few other points.

Coaches do not cut higher-paid players in favor of less expensive models. Coaches are paid to put the best possible team on the field and win, not to keep the payroll down. If older, established players are being cut in favor of equally talented, less-

wage scale plan. A player should be paid according to his worth to the team. He should be allowed to work his own deal. No rookie who's starting should be paid less than the veteran he replaced in the starting lineup.

However, the blame for the strike is to be placed on the owners. Jack Donlan of air traffic controllers-strike fame has failed to bargain in good faith in representing the owners. I think the owners want this

thing settled. I think they agree that the players need to get a bigger piece of the pie. Firing Donlan would be a



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